

FANZINE

PSYCHOKINETIC

EARTHBOUND FAN ZINE

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PSYCHOKINETIC

EARTHBOUND

FANZINE

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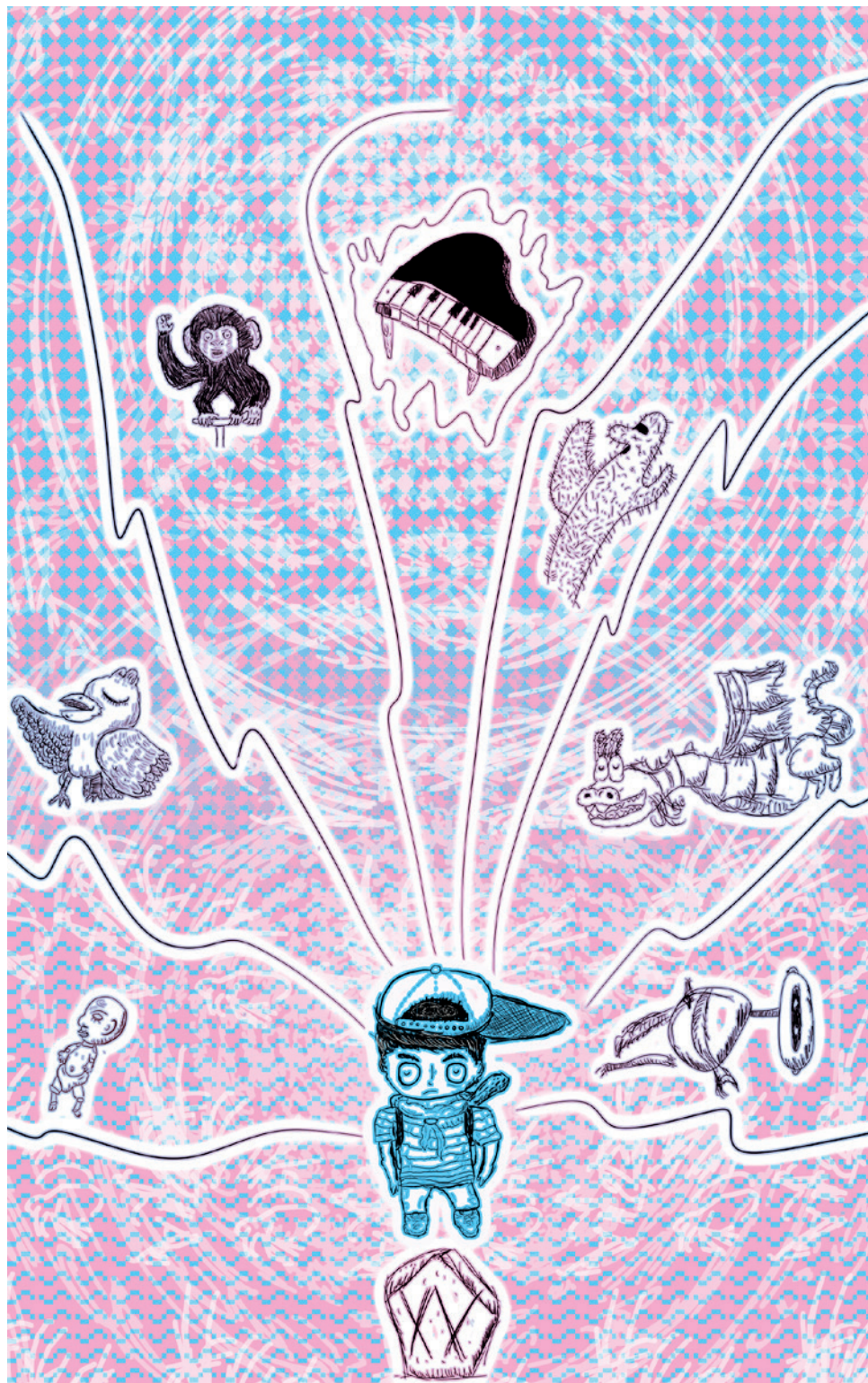
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M O T H E R

NO CRYING UNTIL THE END.

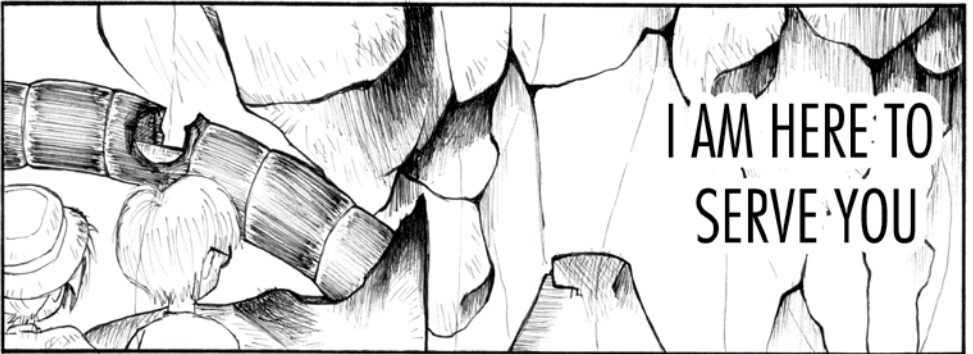




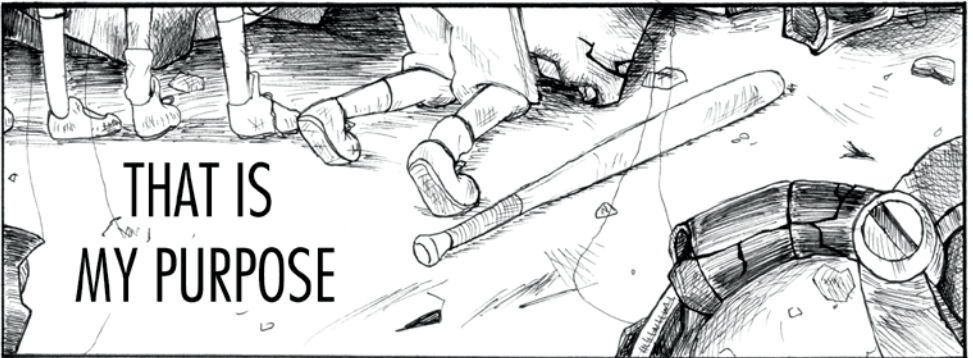
MY NAME IS EVE

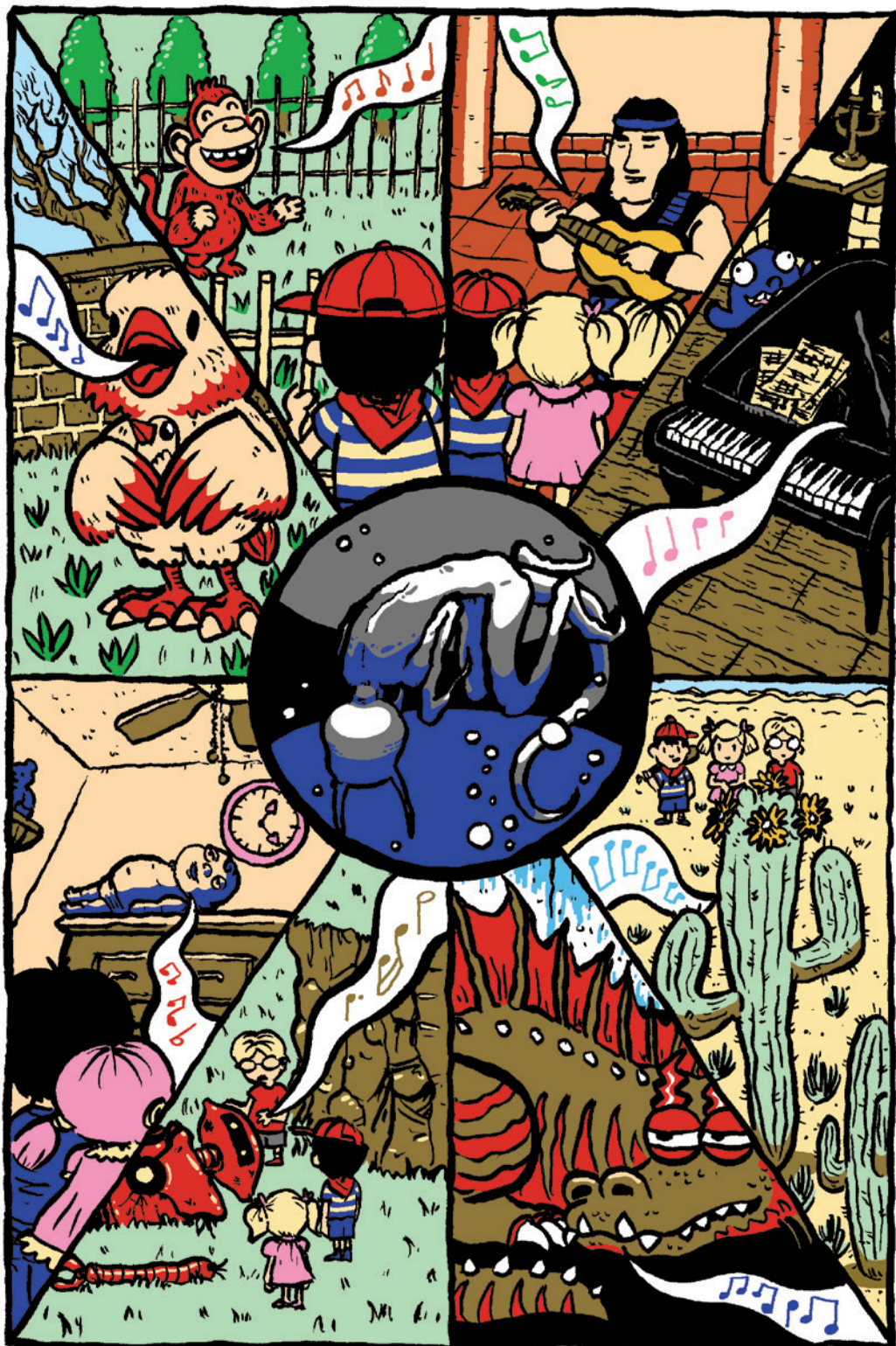


I AM HERE TO
SERVE YOU



THAT IS
MY PURPOSE





Under the Blanket

The world is full of scary things. But I'm big now, and I can be brave.

Sometimes I wake up and see ants in my room, creeping around in the corners.

A mole lives under our house. I hear it scratching, and it won't go away.

Sometimes I feel like the soil is just going to open up and the plants will drag me under.

I'm afraid of mushrooms too, but only because they taste bad.

There are rats in our basement. I don't like going down there.

I know it makes me sound like a baby, but I'm still scared of thunder and lightning. Feels like they're coming for me.

And electricity. I shocked myself a few months ago, and my hands still shake when I plug things in.

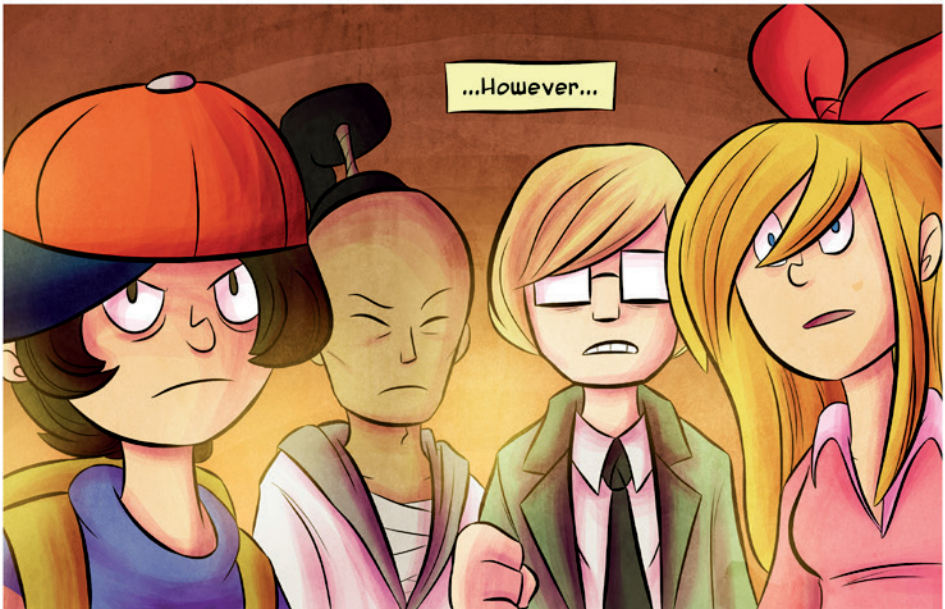
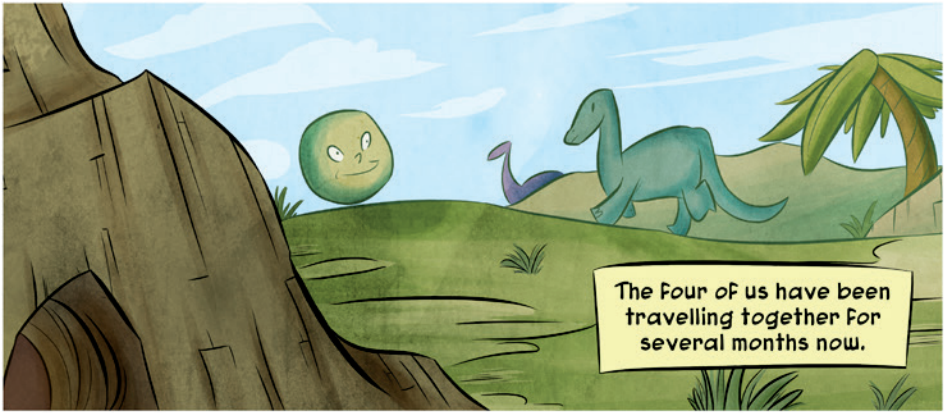
The neighbours, they used to have a big mean dog, dark, angry, with teeth like diamonds.

All of that's scary enough. But I can be brave. I think.

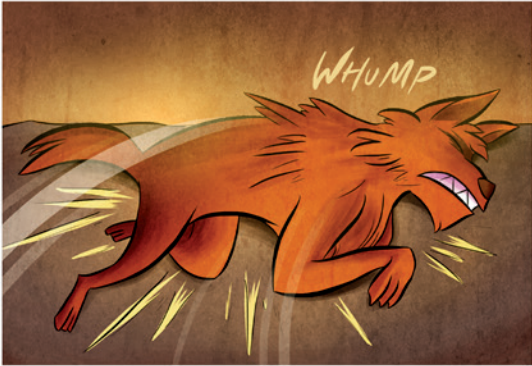


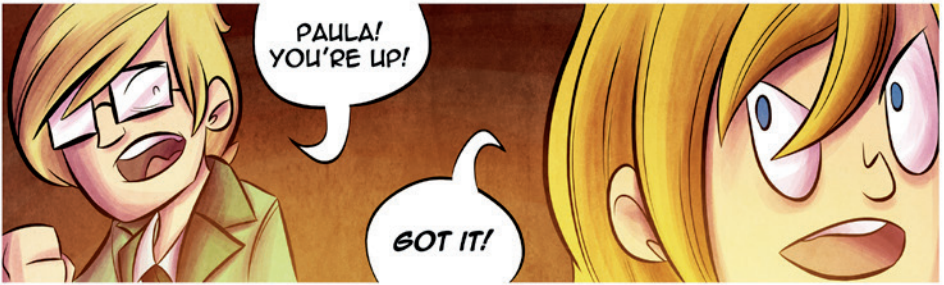
MOTHER 2

Eagleland 19XX









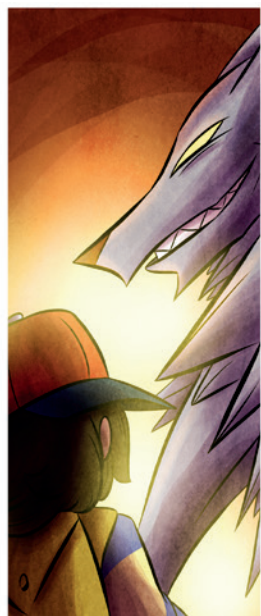






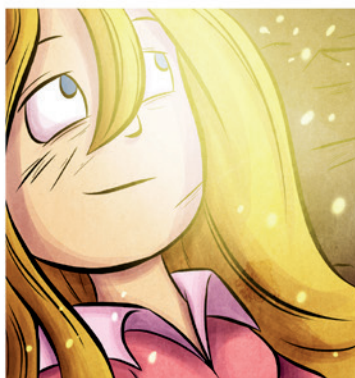












The Four of us have
been travelling together
for several months now.

The friendships
we've formed are
indomitable...

...And at last,
we've reached
the final stop of
our sojourn.

...However...

...None of us know what
will happen once Master
Ness has absorbed the
power of the Earth.



Each of our minds
is filled with an
overbearing sense
of apprehension.

But,
even so...

We know that nothing can
shatter the unbreakable
bonds we've formed with
each other.

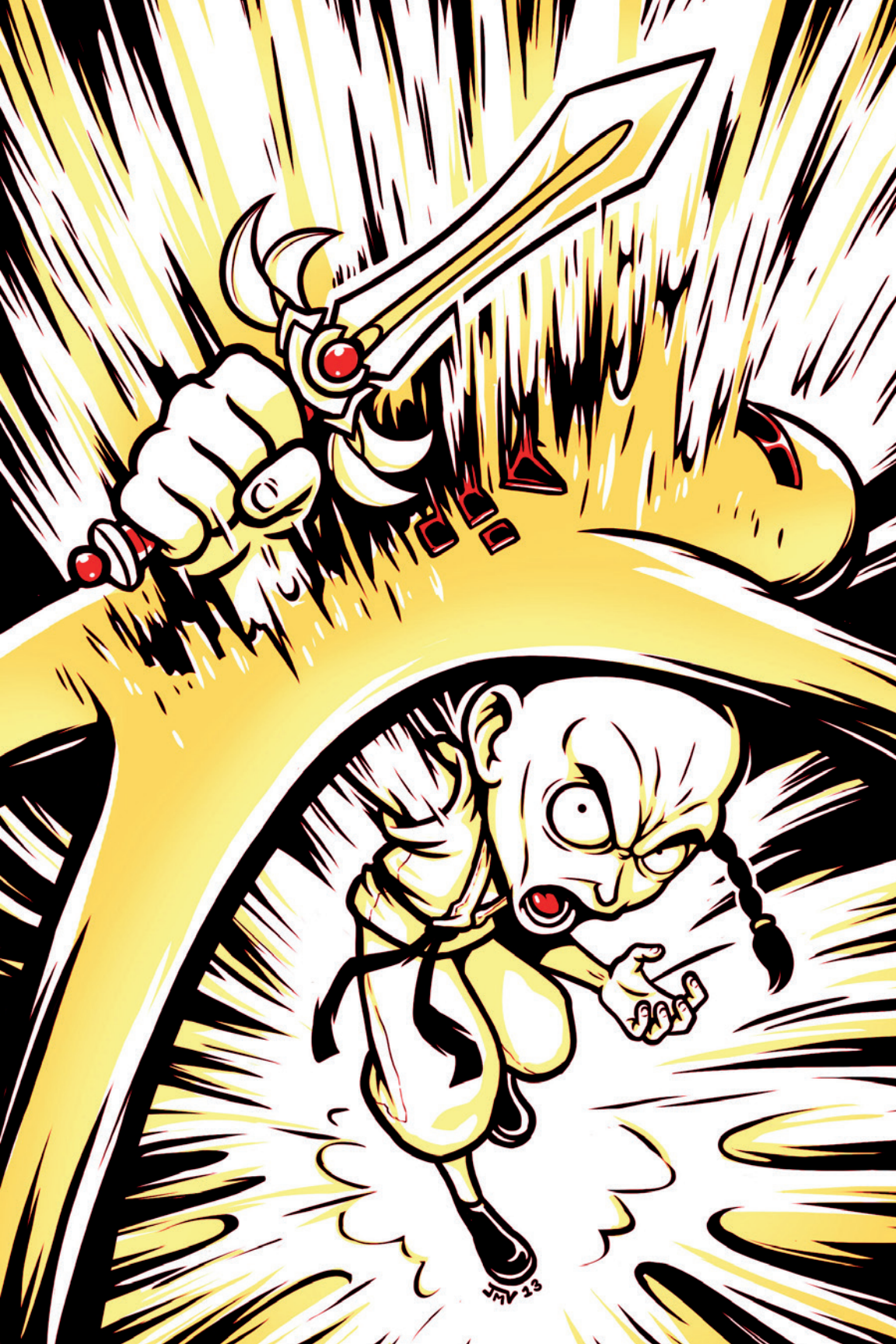
No matter
what happens...

...We'll Face whatever
the Future holds
together.

END

















Mind-Blowing Dream Food

Magic Cake
for sale at Summers Resort

Fulfillment

Ness wiped the sweat off of his forehead, leaving a thin trail of dirt behind.

He and Paula had been trapped in this cave for hours at the very least, and Ness's eyes had long since gotten used to the near absence of light. He had also adjusted to the scrapes on his elbows and knees, to the sore weight of his pulse in his fingertips and the throbbing of a fledgling headache.

There was only one apparent exit - a single door, metallic and gleaming - and Ness had beaten at it consistently with his baseball bat since he'd first awoken and felt its startling iciness while blindly groping around their prison. After wiping his hand on his shirt, Ness struck the door once more, and the clang of wood on unbending steel echoed off the walls.

He paused again to clear his face and left another smudge. It was becoming harder to keep a solid hold on his bat.

Ness turned to where Paula was sitting, his hat and backpack set beside her in a heap. Though she was on the floor, legs crossed, her dress covered her knees in a neat little circle. Her eyes were closed, and she cradled the flame that gave them light in her bare hands. She was serene and unblemished.

Ness coughed, clearing his throat of dust, and Paula looked back at him. Ness thought that maybe he had disturbed her, but there was a triumphant gleam in her eyes.

"Ness," she said, a tremble of excitement running through her nearly-whispered words. "It's fine now. You can stop." Ness stared in return. "Not really. And I could use some help, if you're feeling up to it."

Paula's shoulders slumped and she turned her head; Ness hadn't meant to come off

how he did. She was maintaining their light, after all, and he hadn't thought of her as a burden for even a second. But Paula spoke before he could apologize.

"No, Ness, it's not that. I..." She seemed loathe to admit it despite her previous tone, as if still not used to confiding such things. "I...contacted someone. Jeff, our third friend. He'll come here and rescue us, I'm sure of it."

She looked as sure as she said she was, which made Ness pause before he replied. "...I'm still gonna try and get us out of here," he said. He turned back to the door, braced himself, and he returned to his increasingly vain attempt to break the two of them out of the cave.

"Ness," she said again, more insistently, after he hit the door a few more times. "I'm positive Jeff heard me!"

"And I'm not gonna wait for whenever he gets here," Ness replied, spacing his words between the clanging of his blows on the door. "Don't worry, Paula, I got this!"

"Ness!" Paula cried in response, and Ness acted as if he didn't hear her while glancing at her in his peripheral vision. She stood, still holding the psychic flame but also kicking up dust around her shoes. He beat at the door, obstinately silent even as it didn't budge, and even as Paula inched closer and closer to him.

"Do you...not believe me?" she asked, almost voiceless, and Ness swung a final time. It was the last that he could manage: the bat cracked, as loud as any other noise Ness's efforts had made. The bat's two halves were barely connected when Ness, grip loosened, dropped it to the side. Shuffling and forcing away her shock, Ness could feel Paula at his back, sudden and close. For a while, his heartbeat swallowed any words he meant to say, the two of them standing in silence as Paula's flame threw Ness's shadow on the door.

"You know," Ness finally said, and he heard Paula draw slightly away, "this whole thing started when I met this bug."

"A...bug?" Paula had also found her voice again.

"Yeah, a bee. Well, he said he wasn't a bee, but still. His name was Buzz-Buzz, and he told me not to worry about the future. Then he died." The words were dry in Ness's throat.

"Oh. I'm really sorry."

Ness could tell she meant it. She was always sincere.

"It was Pokey's mom - you've met him - that did it. She swatted him right out of the sky. The thing is, right before that he'd just saved my life. He could stand up against aliens, but not the bottom of a shoe. He said he was from the future and that he'd help me out, but then he died."

Ness hated how he sounded, as if some plea had made its way in to his voice. He leaned forward, resting his head against the door.

"It's not that I'm worried about getting hurt," he continued, though he still wasn't sure whether or not that was a lie. "And I didn't leave Onett because Buzz-Buzz said I had some great destiny."

"And it's not that I don't believe you, either! I heard you, that time." He sighed. "I just don't...I don't like this, okay? I don't like that all of this was somehow meant to happen. That everything was somehow meant to happen. What am I doing?" His hands clenched into fists, he stomped a foot in protest.

"If I can't break down a door, how can beat Giygaz? I'm not going to wait for some 'friend' when we've never even met and we're in trouble now--"

Ness stopped as Paula's hands enclosed his. They were warm, and her flame, now unheld, began to fade into darkness between them.

All the hesitation she once had was swept away. "I'll help you."

They stood near the opposite end of the cave at the door, their hands held. Ness had replaced his hat and backpack, finding comfort in their weight. It made it far easier for him to call upon the power within himself, and now, the auras of their own gathering power gave them light.

Together, Ness and Paula had decided to throw one final, powerful attack at the metal door. So they cleared a space and - after sharing a final, silent nod of their heads - they turned the last of their focus inward.

Paula gathered power far more quickly than Ness did; she was far more used to her PSI than Ness, who had only just started really using it regularly at all, never mind in this particular way. He struggled to keep up with her at first, taking almost double the time for his outstretched hand to glow as brightly as her's. But he was sure that his free hand entwined with Paula's was somehow increasing his strength.

Ness pushed away the sensation of his eyes still stinging, of his shaking limbs and hoarse breaths, and thought of his favorite thing. And once the very idea of it warmed his chest and sparked before him, manifest and multicolored, all he had to do was aim.

“One,” he counted.

“Two,” answered Paula, her own left hand running with a current of electricity as bright as the energy in Ness’s right.

“Three!” they shouted together, and their PSI shot forward.

The blast was bright enough as it was, but on impact it loosed a thick fog of dirt. Ness shielded himself from a flurry of tiny rocks, and he heard Paula coughing beside him.

Once the dust cleared, both their shoulders fell; the door still stood. It was so dented it was nearly unrecognizable, yes, and the rock walls framing it had lost near half their mass, but they were still trapped.

However, there was light. Ness saw Paula looking up and he did the same. Their attacks had ricocheted and carved away at not only the walls of the cave, but the ceiling, and a hundred tiny pinpricks of light burst through. Loose pieces, too small and too numerous to count, still fell as the cave around them settled.

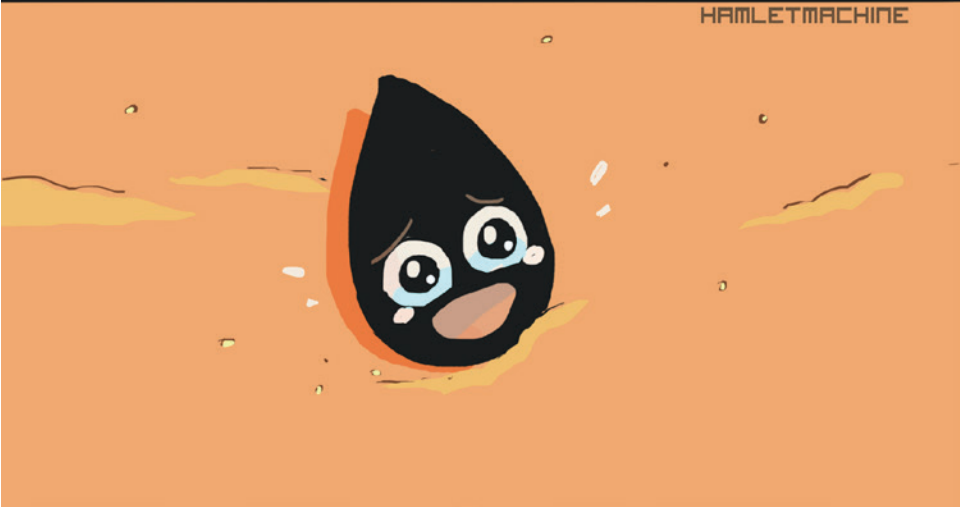
Before either of them could speak, a shadow passed over them. Paula, who had looked just as defeated as he felt just a moment before, straightened, and Ness reached for her as the shadow flew over them a second time, and grabbed her arm by the third. He just barely managed to pull her to him before the ceiling of that side of the cave collapsed entirely, bringing with it what Ness could only describe as an alien spacecraft. It was five times larger than either of them, and while metallic, it was far more reflective than the door that still stood, though beaten, behind them. The craft looked like it had seen better days itself, its surface decorated with scratches and dents, but it mirrored the sky with such intensity that Ness’s eyes watered in spite of himself.

He looked in awe at it, and then at Paula, who had turned to Ness with the exact same expression. They were both filthy, but could clearly see each-other.

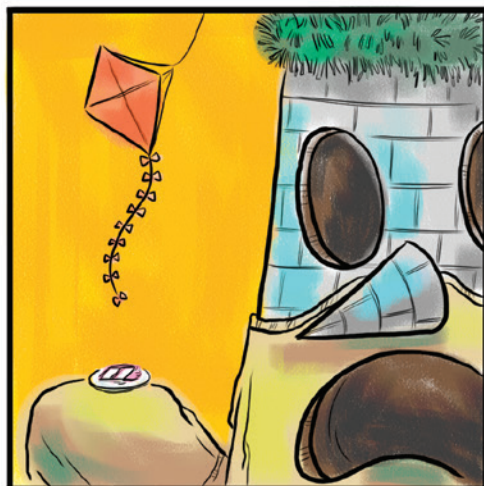
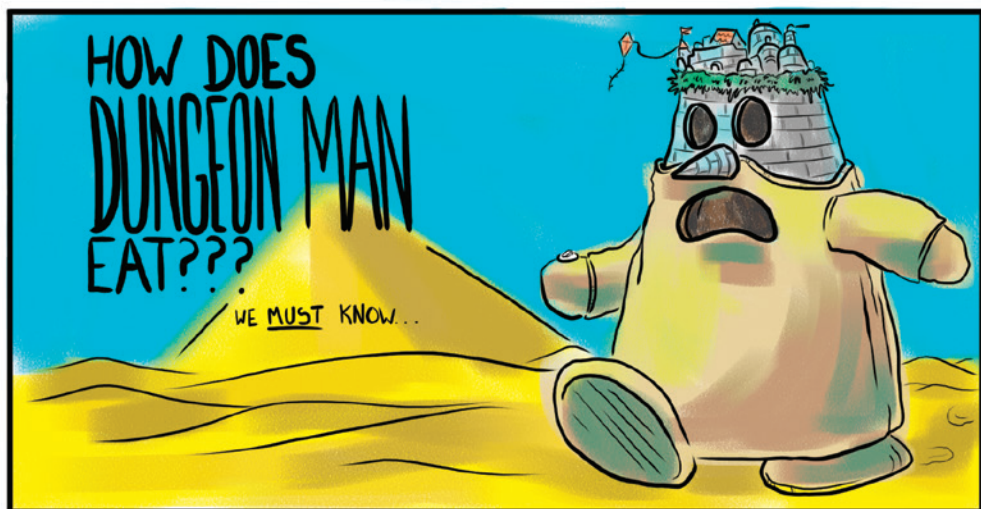
Ness’s hand slid down from her wrist to her hand, and she grasped it in turn. They both wondered if it was really so bad that the other may have been right.

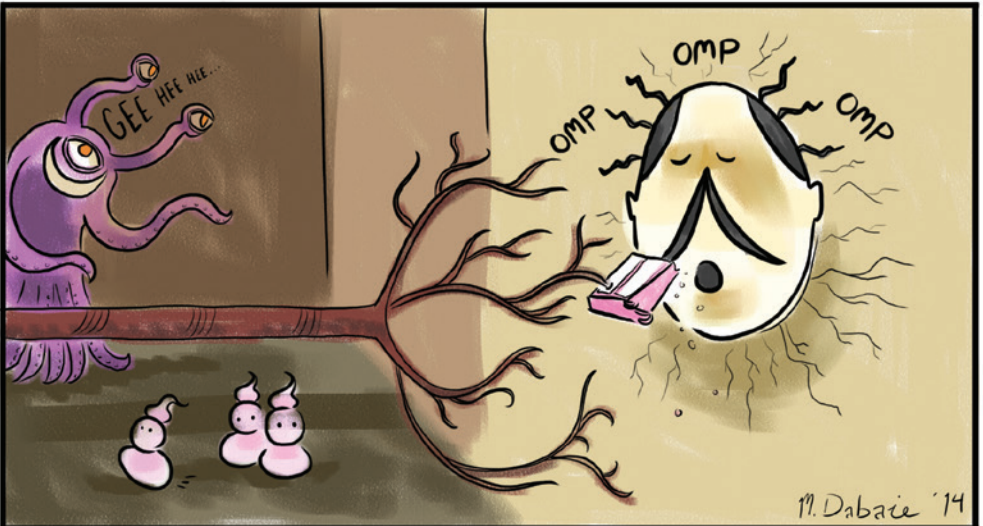
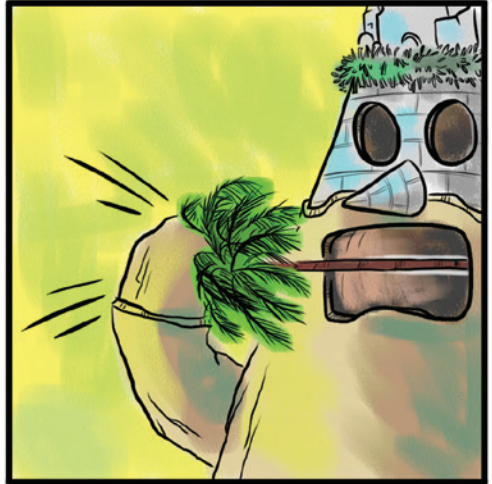
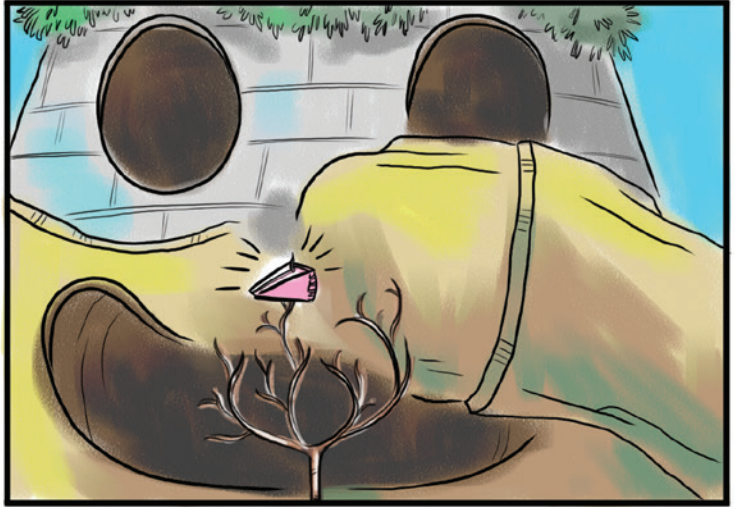


HAMLETMACHINE













Ready...

Stand by...







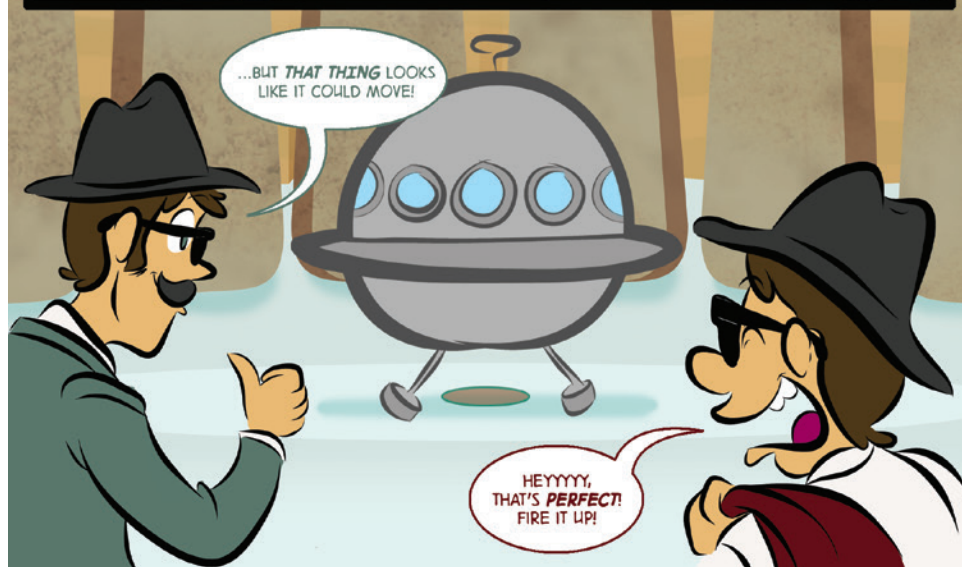


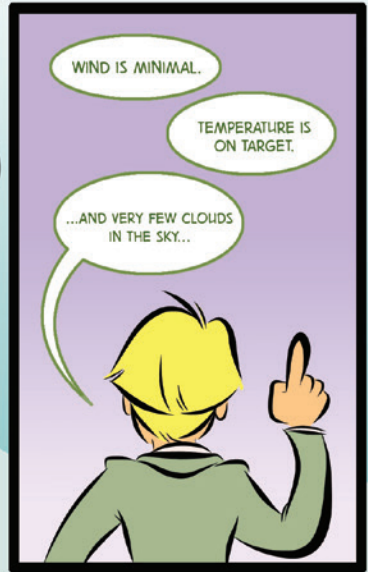
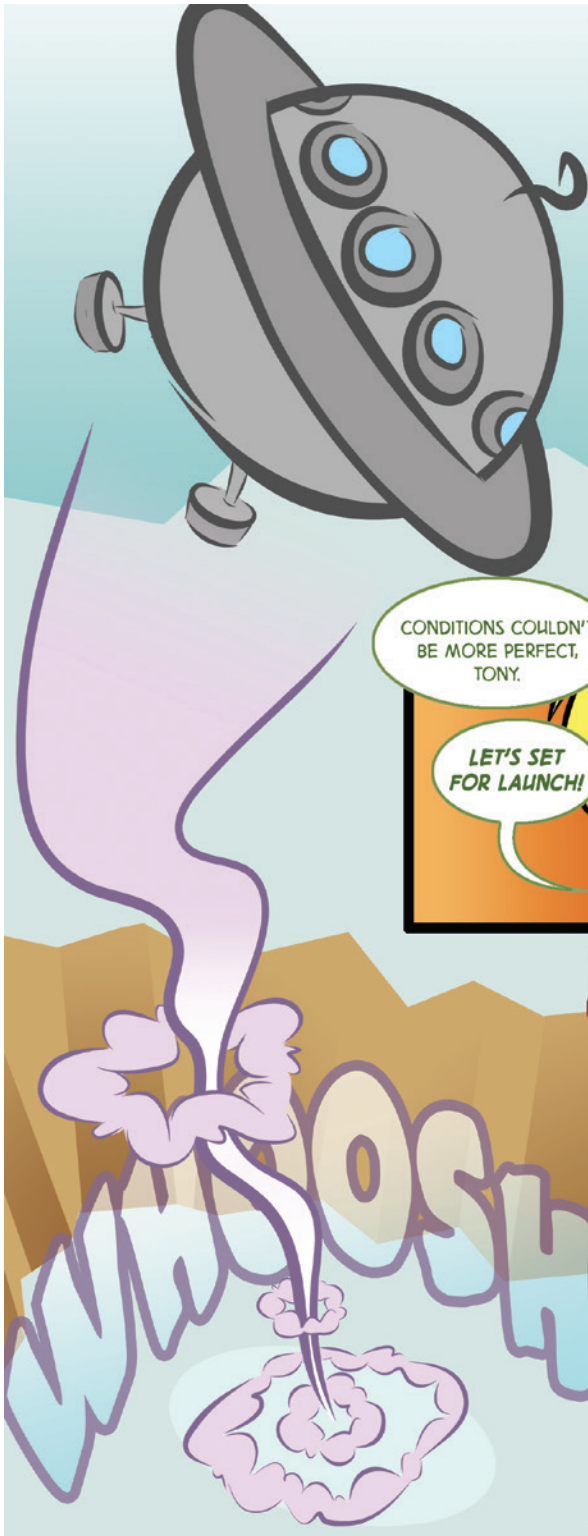








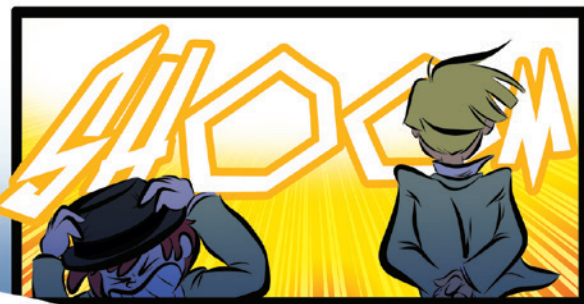




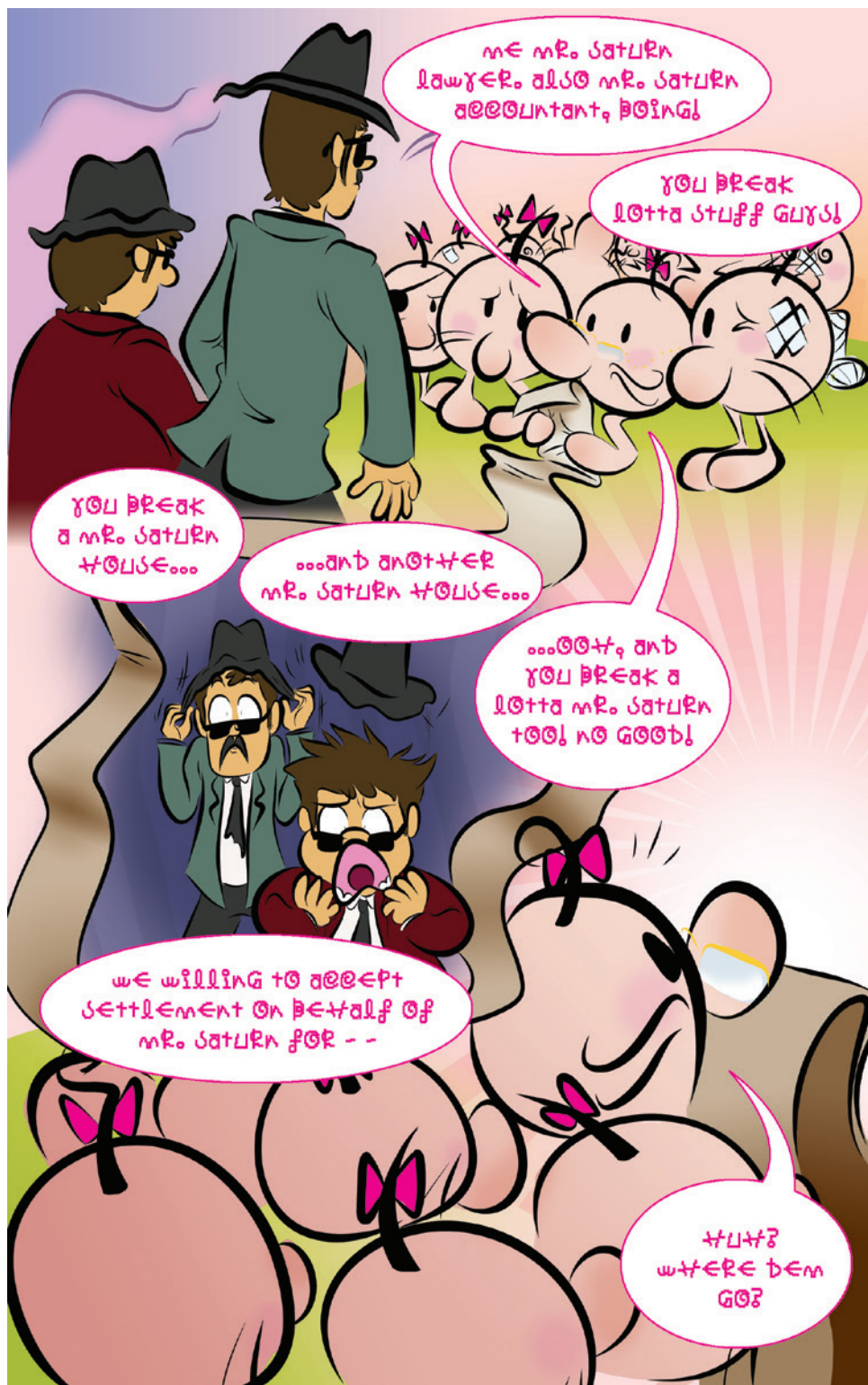
CONDITIONS COULDN'T BE MORE PERFECT, TONY.

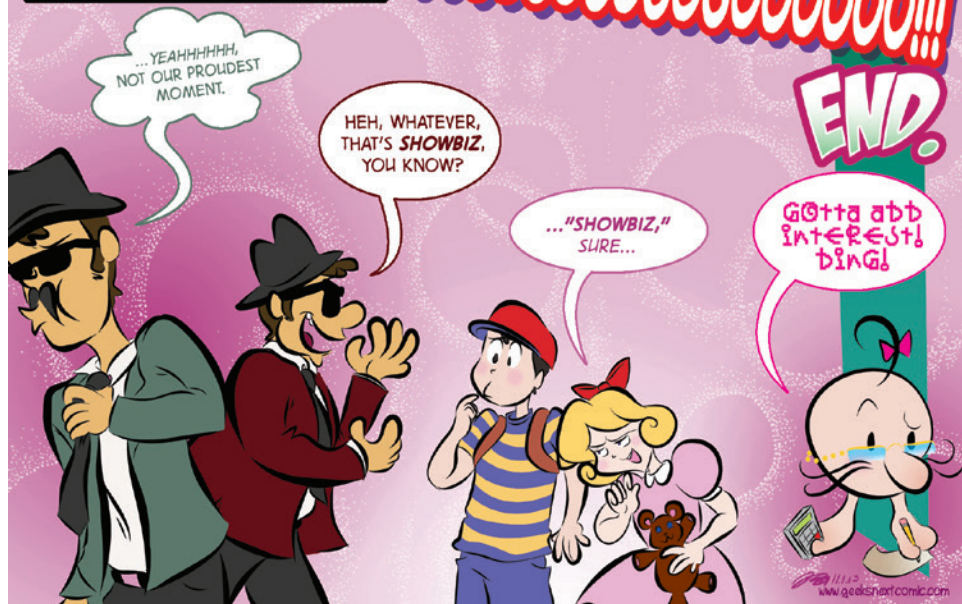
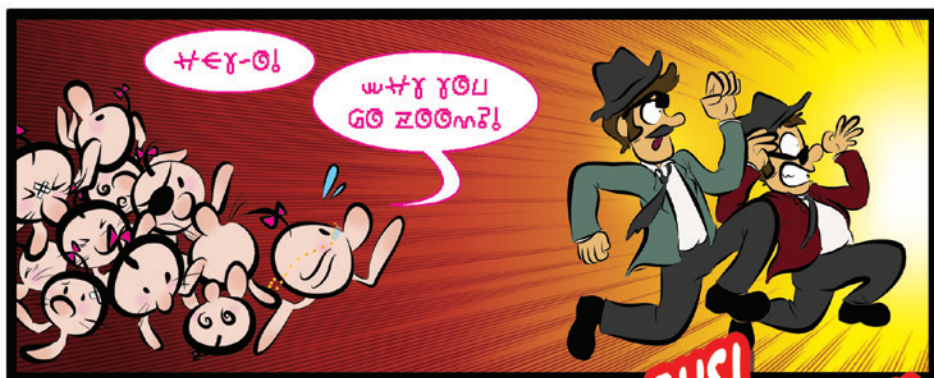
LET'S SET FOR LAUNCH!

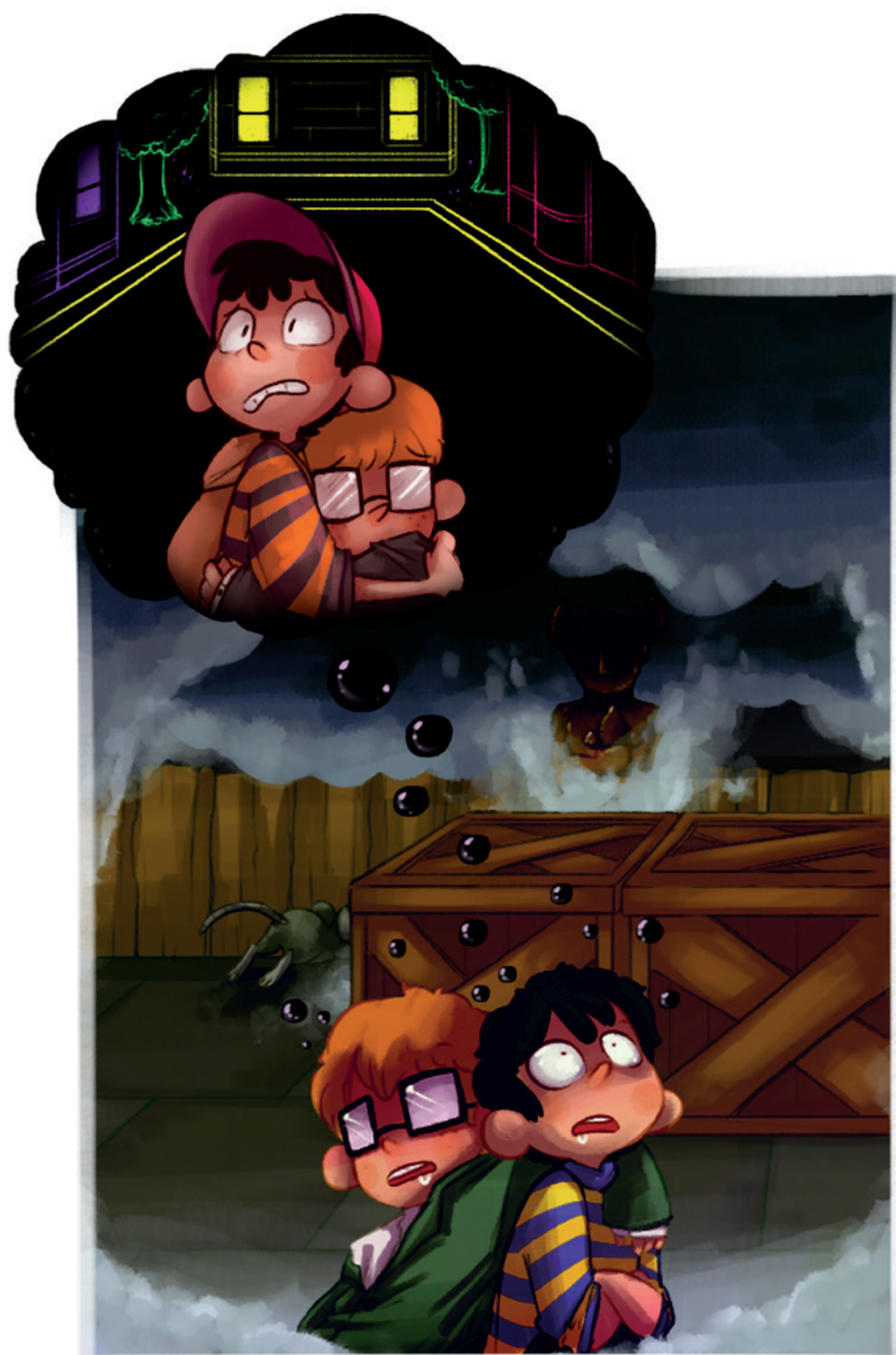












.edisnooM ot emocleW

There is a place where the fire goes.
Its cackling embers slip through cracks of
nocturne. Beyond extinguishing. Between one
City's Without and Within.

For cities come in twos. One of grids and
stones and glass; where the sun rises and
sets; another where the streets are made of
glazed velvet and the street and the sky are
one and the same. The buildings are clock
hands, spired at midnight.

One is where the fire starts; the other is
where it goes.

Succor among the scribbling inside the
lines. In jawbones chattering between the
girders. In the thorny guts of concrete.

It is not alone in its pilgrimage. There
are swallowed sobs and blood from clenched
fists. Unseen snarls and unheard pleas.
Reflections and echoes. They are swallowed
and shaped to fashion the shadows.

It is a city on the other side of the moon.
A city behind a faded bartender's eyepatch.
Behind a curtain that writhes beneath the
touch. Down a well that leads to a mirror. In
the reflection of a cup of coffee.

They love their coffee there.

Coffee like oil. Coffee like mortar. Coffee
like smoke. Coffee like blood. Always hot and
always stale.

They slake it with rust.

They sip it sans lips and it trickles

between the teeth of smiles too wide for
the mouth.

It is a city that squats on the mirror's edge.

Where there is laughter without bodies,
screams without voices, color without light.

Where shadows get up and walk,
dragging their hosts from their feet.

Where the pavement burns you from
below.

Where they grab you by the arm and
send you across the sky like stones skipped
on water, and you land in a room of only walls.

Like all cities, it has a heart. It is carved
from a stone long-since-buried. Its eyes are
glossy pools that bid you Well Come. In its
hands is the Knife Beyond Rusting.

It plucks you into its mind.

It dreams us waking.

It devours us born.

It ignites the embers behind your eyes.

You're burned, but you're fine.

You're bones.

There are walls only and those walls are
street and sky.

A lonely shadow flashes gold.

And the fire has you.

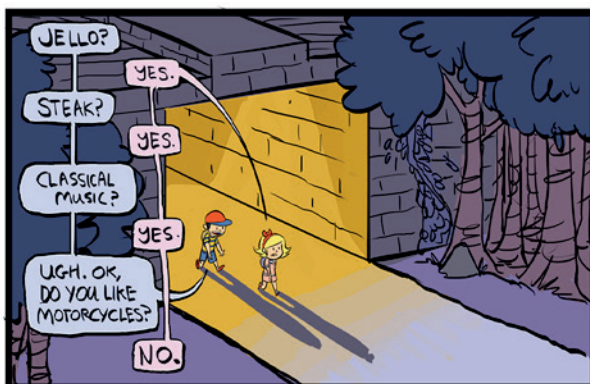
.lleW emoC



- Well, let's see here...
- There is a Hamburger inside!
- Ness takes it.







The Brave Little Wildflower

A rarity sprouts in Threed one late-summer morning: A single wildflower near the road. Just one. No brothers or sisters surround it. Crabgrass chokes the life out of all the other vegetation around it, spreading its dreadful roots across the lawn, and this one flower is weeks away from blooming, but it grows at a steady pace.

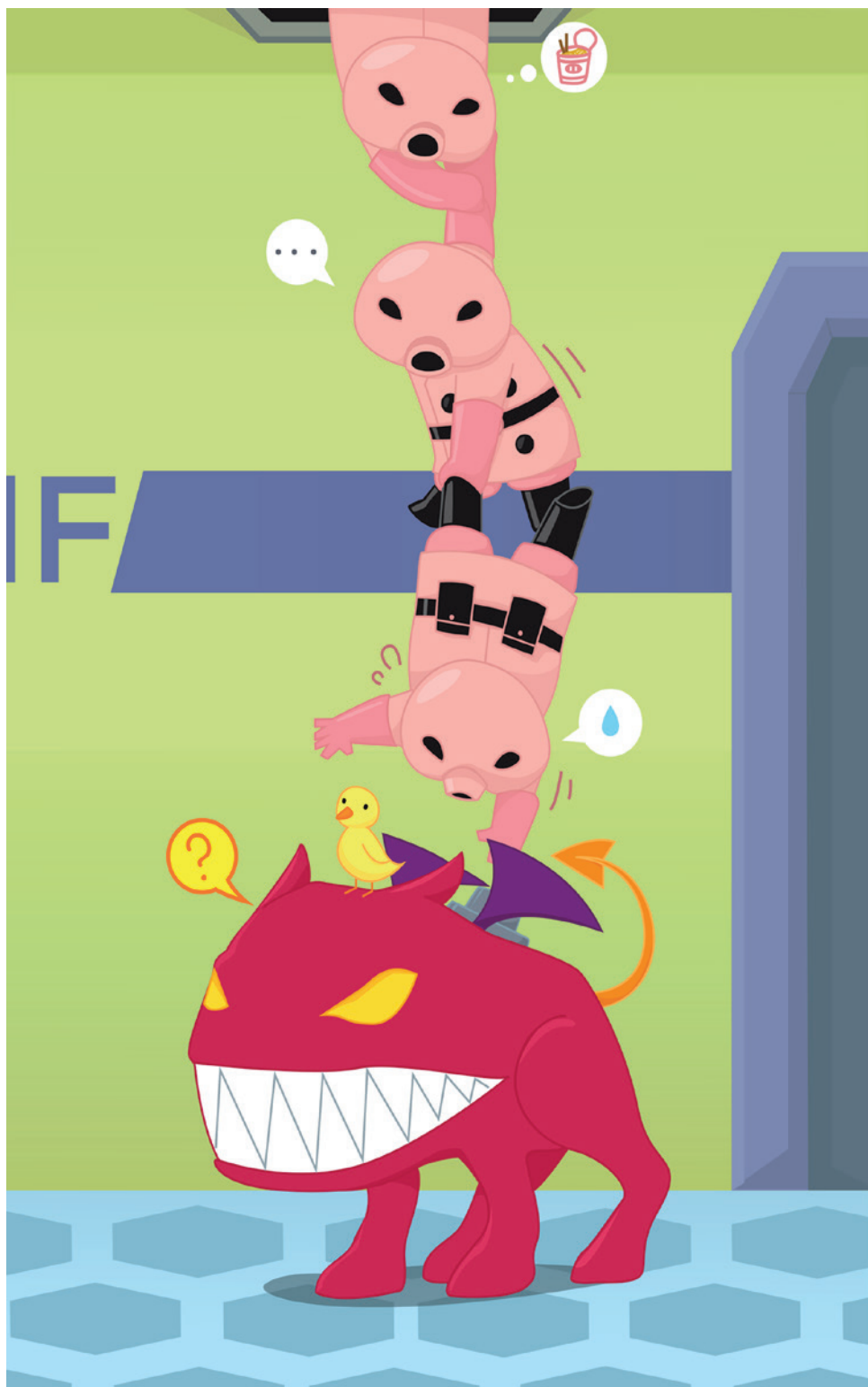
Summer melts slowly into autumn. Most of the wildflowers near the outskirts of town begin to shrivel and turn brown. Their seeds will sprout next season and continue the cycle.

Our attention returns to the rarity in the crabgrass. Its bud is large and close to blooming. All it needs is a little more sun—but that's the day the darkness comes.



MOTHER 3









**And Boney ran as fast
as he could, in the rain and
through the woods!**







ミルエット











Lucas

Your dad is always gone. After everything that's happened, it's hard for you to blame him. You miss him, a lot of the time you really miss him, but you can take care of yourself. Claus needs him more, now.

It takes two and a half years for you to realize Claus is probably dead.

It's not a surprise, exactly. It's also not like you give up hope entirely. It's more like a sick feeling of dread somewhere deep in the pit of your stomach that rises up every time your father leaves anymore, and it gets worse and worse until you finally. Realize.

He's gone. He's gone and he won't be coming back, and you think even Dad realizes, on some level. It's not Claus who needs him. It's something he needs for himself.

You never try to stop him.

You're not a hero.

Claus would've been, you think. But you've never thought of yourself as a hero. Even with the thing with those Pigmasks and the Dragos, you were just doing what anyone else would've done. Maybe not in the same way, but then again, you were relying on someone else's strength, too.

So when you leave Tazmily for Club Titiboo, you aren't setting out to become a hero. You're just going to find Duster. You don't know him very well, but from what you heard from that girl, Kumatora, three years ago, he's strong. He's a hero.

You aren't a hero. But if you can help the real heroes, that's really all you need.

You've never thought there was anything wrong with being weak.

You were weak. Claus was strong. That was just the way it was. And Claus was always there for you, until he wasn't. And you adapted. But you still weren't strong, and as long as there were strong people in the world, that was okay.

You're not so sure about that anymore.

When you'd mentioned it to Kumatora, she'd said, "That's kind of a crappy way of looking at things. If everyone thought like that, no one'd ever try to become strong in the first place! But hey, you saved my ass three years ago. So for what it's worth, I think you're pretty strong already."

You disagree. You're a weak person. But if you can become stronger, if you can help people like Duster and Kumatora, help people who are weaker than you...

Maybe even someone like you can make a difference.

You could've gone home after finding Duster. You didn't. You've decided you're going to see this through to the end. You don't know what this Egg of Light is, none of you really do, but you know it's important.

It's nice getting to know Kumatora and Duster, though. Kumatora is tough as nails and has really awesome psychic powers, and she's actually a little scary sometimes. But she's also really nice. She kind of reminds you of Claus every now and then. It hurts a little, but it's kinda nice, too. Not that you could ever mix up Kumatora with Claus. She's really pretty, too, even if she'd argue with you if you said so.

Duster is strange, but he's really smart and kind, too. If Kumatora reminds you of your brother, Duster reminds you of your dad, kind of. He's not really fatherly, though. But he's not like a brother, either. You've never had an uncle, but that could be what Duster's like. A cool, kinda weird, kinda smelly uncle. Kumatora gets on him about hygiene more than she ever has around you, and it's kind of a valid point, but you actually don't mind that much. That's just how Duster is.

And of course you could never forget Boney, but then you've known him forever. Your ever faithful canine companion.

Losing one family is slightly more tolerable when you somehow end up with another one.

You've always been suspicious at best of the Pigmask Army, Fassad, and their lot, but you never imagined taking them on. You're just one kid, and even with Kumatora, Duster, and Boney, that's four of you against a whole army. You'd protect other people who needed it from them if you could, but actually trying to fight the whole organization was on a whole other level. You still think actually bringing the whole thing down is impossible, but when you're dragged off to Thunder Tower thanks to a misunderstanding and given no other way to go but up, you don't have a whole lot of choice but to fight. Besides which...it's the right thing to do. You're sure of that much. If this tower is responsible for the lightning that's been falling on your village, someone needs to do something, and even if it's kind of scary it seems that that someone has to be you.

It's around now that you start to realize that at some point you've stopped thinking of yourself as weak. You're not sure when that happened.

(You destroy the generator, reach the top, fall. You see the real commander, the one they

probably mistook you for, and you feel that same sick feeling again...no, a slightly different one. You don't have much time to dwell on it, but when you do you reassure yourself that it's not possible. That can't be who you think it was...

...But a part of you always knows.)

You fall.

That's not the part you mind. It's scary, but you don't have a whole lot of time to be afraid before you pass out. The dream's not the problem either. It feels so real. You can almost smell the sunflowers, and you almost, almost touch your mother's hand.

Waking up's the part that hurts.

Chosen boy. The phrase rattles around your head like something in a foreign language, like a phrase you know is important but can't comprehend. It's a strange mantle on your shoulders. But, you realize as you pull your first needle, not as heavy a mantle as you might have thought.

The burden of taking down the Pigmask army sits heavier. They have their own chosen one, and when you see the strange Masked Man on the mountain, the sick feeling worsens. But the stakes are higher than ever before, and at this point you don't really have much choice but to become stronger and rise to the challenge.

Sometimes, you have nightmares. There's two of them. You face the Masked Man head on in a fight, and you lose and he kills your friends. Because you weren't strong enough to protect them. You failed them, and you failed the whole world, and everything is lost. In the other dream, you beat him, but it ends badly. The grotesque mechanical components you saw on the mountain explode, leaving him barely recognizable...but you recognize him. It's impossible, but you know who he is. You're not sure which dream is worse.

Tanetane Island nearly destroys you.

None of you take the hallucinations well, but they hit you the worst. It's all in your head, all your doubts and fears and guilt. Because when it all comes down to it...

It's all your fault. It's not something you like to think about, but it's true, isn't it? You slowed your mother and Claus down when you all could've gotten home in time to be safe. You were too afraid to jump into the river when your mom told you to. You didn't stop Claus, or go with him, and now they're both dead and you're still alive, when that's wrong. If anyone should be dead...

It's it's it's it's all all your your your your fault fault fault fault fault fault fault.

"Everyone's waiting for you, Lucas," the illusion of Claus says to you. "Everyone's waiting to throw rocks at you, spit on you, and you're your life hell. Who's 'everyone'? Everyone you love."

It's what you deserve.

You don't have much time to recover from the mushrooms before you have to go pull the next needle. But that's fine. You can do this. You have to do this. It's a hard fight, but you and your friends bring down the Barrier Trio. And then he arrives, and you freeze. You know you should get the needle before he can. You know the fate of the world lies on you being the one to pull them, and they've gotten two already, same as you.

You weren't ready for this. The others give you strange looks, and Kumatora even hisses "Hey!" and tries to shake your shoulder to get your attention. You can't move, though. The electrical shock hits you, and you pass out.

You know your paths will cross again. It's inevitable, and you know you can't just choke up again. The fate of the world depends on it. Even so, you aren't really prepared. You're more equipped, sure. The Courage Badge from your father, polished to a sparkling Franklin Badge, deflects the electrical shock this time. You can fight, this time; you just aren't sure you're up for it.

Your friends have no such problem, and supporting them still comes as naturally as ever. Actually fighting is different. Every time your stick makes impact, images of that dream come to mind, and even though you know, you know, that it's impossible, you can't stop the bile from rising in the back of your throat.

Your friends know you well enough to know when something's up, though. And when they can, during the less frantic moments, they each show their support, in their own way. Duster puts his hand on your shoulder. Kumatora ruffles your hair. Even Boney licks your hand. You can do this.

The next time is different.

You were right all along. You know who the Masked Man is, and you know what face you'll find behind his mask. And you've come down from the adrenaline from fighting Porky, the anger at hearing him say "His name is Claus? That almost sounds like a person's name," at calling him his robot, his slave. Now all you feel is sick, enough that you feel like you can barely stand. Your friends can't help you now, either, and you know that reviving them will only cause them to get hurt again. All you can do is defend and heal. Defend and heal, and say "Claus, it's me. Lucas. Claus!"

The most fighting you can do is fighting back the tears. The closest you come to attacking him is trying to shake him by the shoulders to jog his memory, and all you get from that is a close range blast to the chest.

And then you hear a voice saying your name...not his voice, but you aren't alone.

Your father takes two PK Love Omegas for you. He was already injured, and now he struggles to stand, fails. You stand there helplessly as it happens. You walk past him on unsteady feet after the fact, screw your eyes shut as tight as you can, and hit Claus for the first time in your life (when you knew it was him, anyway.)

You hear your mother's voice scolding you, and you let your stick fall from your hand, eyes stinging with tears. But your brother continues on, unaffected by her pleas, or yours for that matter. The fight goes on, though, and you start to notice he's not so unaffected after all. He starts to hesitate as you whisper "Claus, please." Trembles a little as your mom's ghost says "You're our son." Until his attacks barely hurt anymore and he's clearly as distraught as you are.

"Claus. Come to your mother. You must be so exhausted."

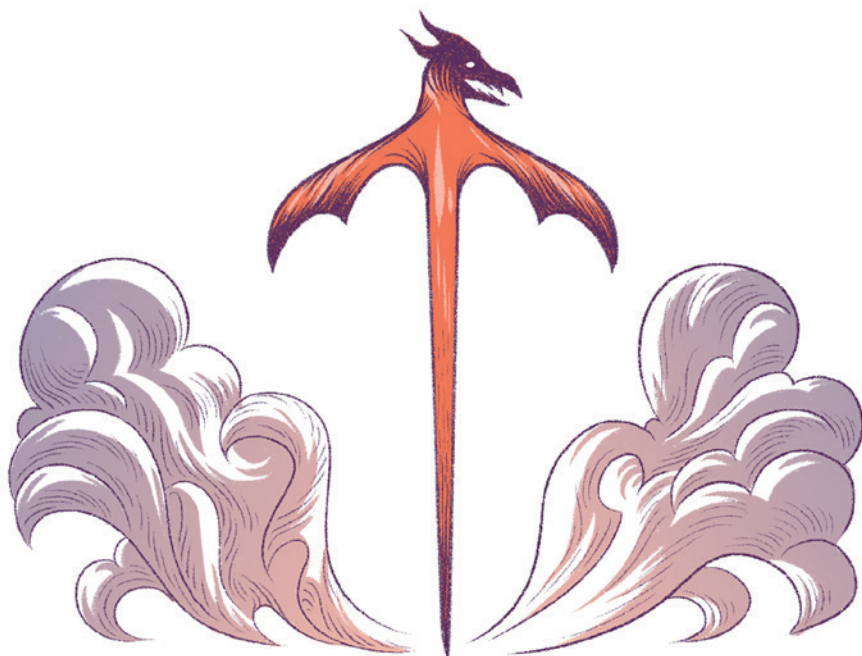
Claus removes his mask. Time slows down for a moment, and then it's over. Claus dies in your arms, and you cry like you've never cried before.

"I'm sorry it turned out like this. I'm glad I could be with you just before the end. I'm going... to where Mom is now."

Your father asks you to forgive your hasty brother. You already have. You force yourself to your feet, and your father asks if you're ready to pull the final needle. You aren't. You couldn't be.

You do it anyway. Because strength, you've realized, isn't about not being weak. It's about letting the moments of weakness come, and pushing past them and doing what needs to be done anyway, not for yourself but for everyone else. And in this moment, everyone is depending on you.

And you're strong enough to carry their wishes into the new world.





I like to think
in the end

While I gained courage,
determination, and the
ability to take action
from Claus,





That maybe
He learned kindness,
patience, and love
from me.

Because in that
last moment,

We finally felt whole.

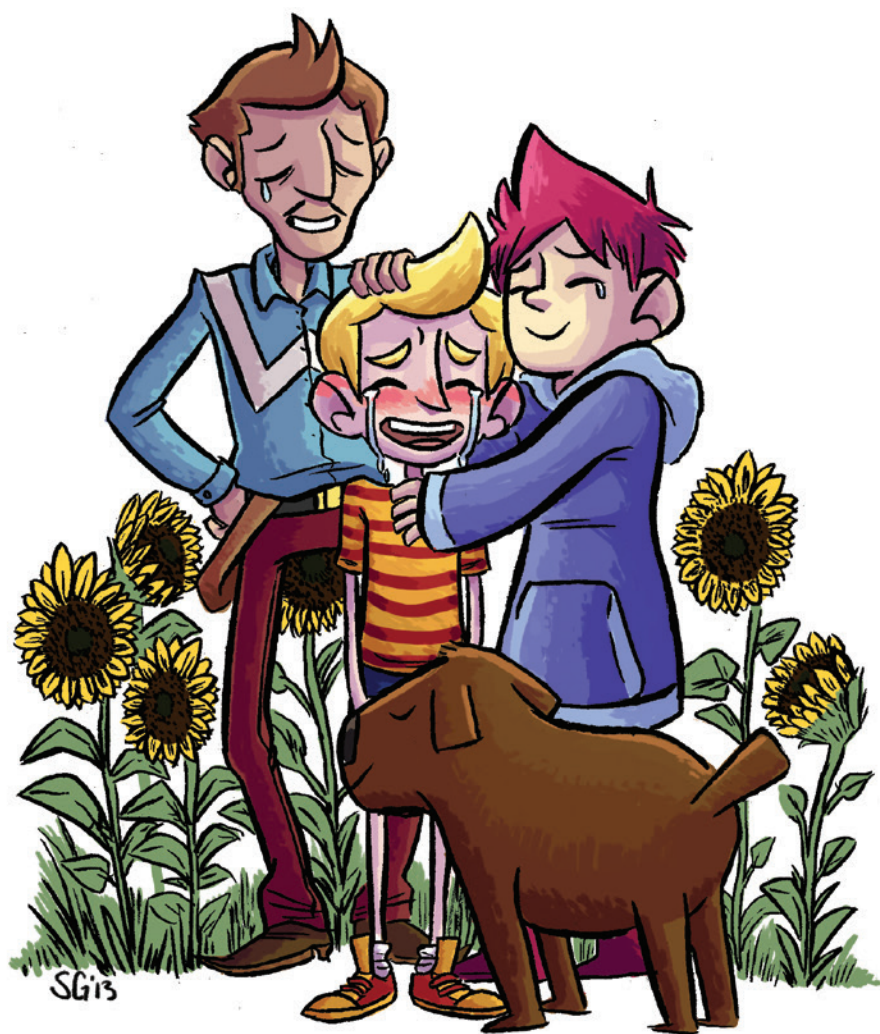


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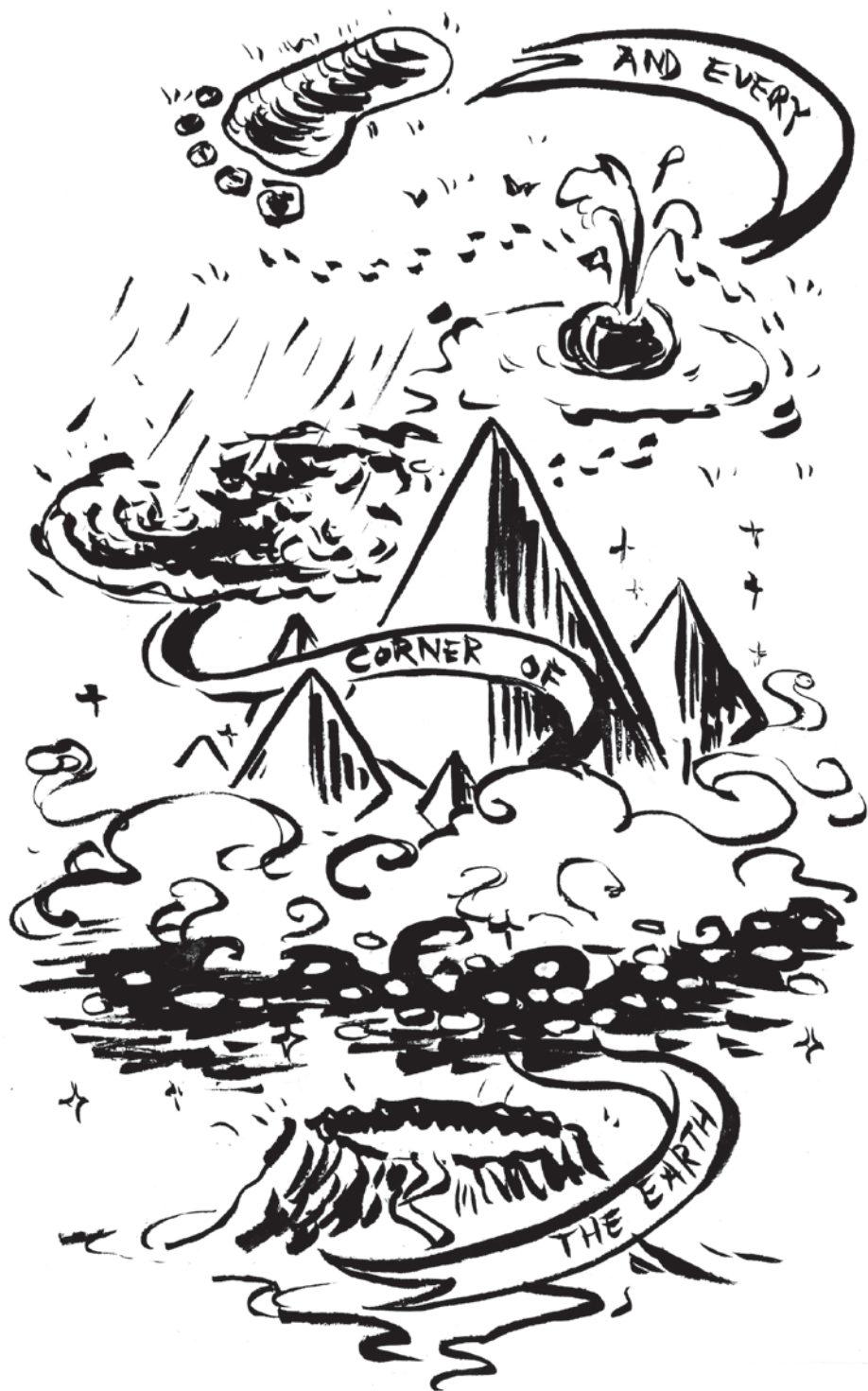
You must be so exhausted

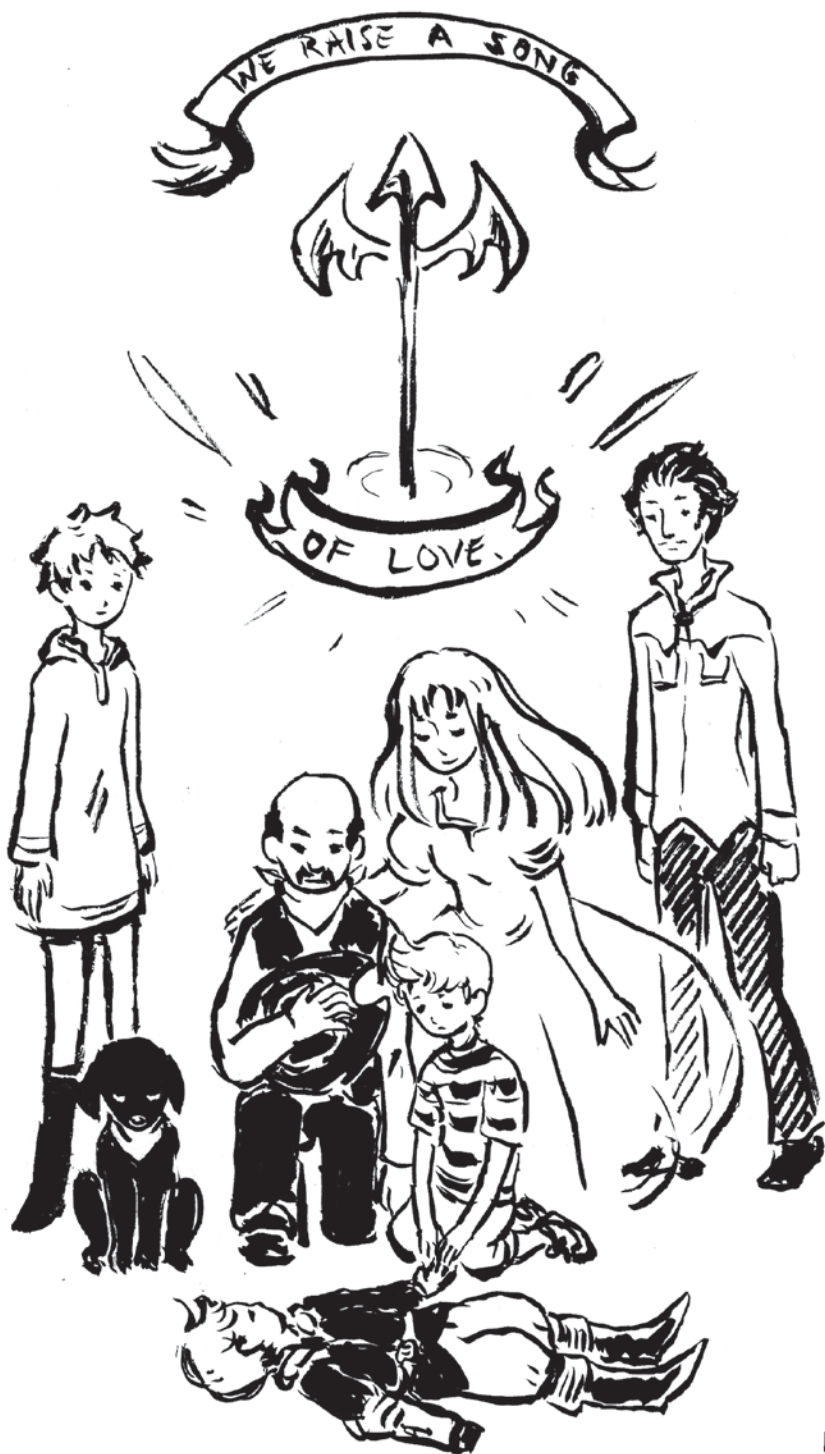


YOU ARE
LOVED.











THANK YOU

To all of the talented artists and writers who contributed to this anthology,
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